

JANUARY 7th, 1938

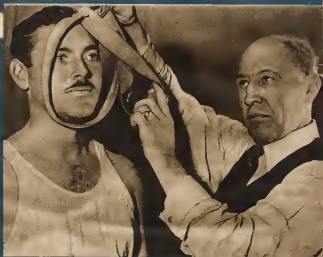
VOL. 12 NO. 1

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

"ELBOWS" McFADDEN . . .
"The Great Uplifter," helps
sawed-off persons to rise to
greater heights. See "Odd
Jobs," by Stewart Robertson

CLAUDETTE COLBERT AND
CHARLES BOYER . . . are co-
starred in "Tovarich," one of
the year's best pictures. Re-
viewed inside on page 20

ARE YOU PSYCHIC? . . . Dr.
J. B. Rhine's (below) tests
may show you. They're de-
scribed in an interview with
Dr. William Moulton Mar-
ston, starting on page 14





A knife
will cut
Any meat!

● Maybe it isn't according to the best rules of etiquette . . . but you know you're on your way to real meat enjoyment when you can pick up your fork and sail in. When mother isn't looking, sometime, try it on a tender Fisher Pot Roast of Beef!

Fisher's



— ★ POT ROAST
OF BEEF!

The Family Circle

All advertised products guaranteed • All recipes thoroughly tested

HARRY H. EVANS, Editor JULIA LEE WRIGHT, Director, Homemakers' Bureau
Editorial Advisory Staff: JAN C. MAYER, Art R. R. ENDICOTT, Manuscripts

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

A LOS ANGELES reader who gives no name or address sends us the following reprint verse, which it seems most appropriate to quote at this season:

THE OLD YEAR

*I heard the Old Year talking, and he seemed
to say to me,
"I am what men have made me—not what
I hoped to be.
I did not bring the failures; my days were
bright and new.
I was the time allotted—the work was man's
to do.*

*"I am what others made me; I had no will
or choice;
Through all the days of trial I was given
not a voice.
If victory came, man earned it; his was the
faith and power
If sorrow came, God sent it; I furnished but
the hour.*

*"I came here empty-handed—a year that was
to be,
And what I am in passing, mankind has made
of me;
I am their petty failures, their glory, their
success;
I am their souls' advancement, their shame,
and happiness.*

*"I was not born in evil or governed by the
stars,
I brought to some high honors, to others
unhappy scars;
Only my days were numbered; I was the
time for toil,
And each has reaped the harvest, as he has
tilled the soil.*

*"I am what men have made me—not what
I hoped to be,
And so shall be the New Year which soon
shall follow me;
Our days are good or evil, as each man
serves and strives,
For years are but the records on which men
write their lives."*

A NOTHER appropriate verse for the first few weeks of the new year, we think, is the following, sent in by Mrs. H. H. Thompson, 3004 Ordway St., Washington, D. C.:

*Of all the gifts that come to cheer,
The best one is a brand-new year.
Snow-capped and kelly-decked, it comes
To richest and to poorest homes.
Twelve jeweled months all set with days
Of priceless opportunities.
A silver moon and golden sun,
With diamond stars when day is done,
And over all a sapphire sky.
Where pearly clouds go floating by.
Be grateful for the year that brings
So many and such precious things.*

—BERTHA E. JAGUES

MANY thanks to Henry B. Lewis, 432 Victoria Ave., Los Angeles, California, for sending the following reprint verse:

*If you place your nose on a grindstone rough,
And keep it down there long enough,
In time you'll think there's no such thing
As flowers that bloom and birds that sing,
Just three things will your life compose—
You—the grindstone—and your nose!*

WE are indebted to Marjorie F. Barnard, 808 N. Eastside St., Olympia, Washington, for the following:

LEISURE

*What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?
No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows;
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass,
No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like stars at night;
No time to turn at beauty's glance,
And watch her feet-how they can dance;
No time to stand when her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.
A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare!*

—W. R. DAVIES

"IT is indeed fine to have such a helpful and lively magazine in your grocery just for the taking," writes Mrs. Ruth Emshimmer, 1645 E. 56th St., Long Beach, California. "Here is a poem from my collection which I would like to submit."

THE LITTLE WOMAN, 1938

*The little woman sits and sews,
Or patches husband's underclothes,
Bakes his cake or brews his tea,
Just as domestic as can be.*

*Until delightedly she spies
A restlessness in hubby's eyes,
And then she dons a daring gown
And drags him out to paint the town*

—EDITH CHERRINGTON

TO Beverly Mercer Hartman, 837 22nd St., N. W., Washington, D. C., go our thanks for sending us the following seasonal verse which he says he clipped for his scrapbook one New Year's many years ago:

*There is hope in the world—there is;
For all the work of the years;
There are hearts that love us and lips that
kiss
From weeping eyes the tears.*

*There is hope in the world—there is;
The song comes after the sigh.
Let us meet the years with a morning kiss
And smile when they say good-by.*

—FRANK L. STANTON

THE following poem, so we are told by Fisher Vane, 359 Bellevue Ave., Oakland, California, has become most popular up and down the Coast where so many people have built retreat cabins out in the uplands of the Sierra Nevada and the three Coast Ranges:

SANCTUARY

*When cares beset me like a pall,
And days are gray with myriad ills,
I turn my back upon it all
And seek my cabin in the hills.*

*When fear of adverse days ahead
By some dark alchemy distills
Deep in my soul a nameless dread,
I need that cabin in the hills.*

*'Tis there I find my antidote
For worry of the sort that kills.
Heartache and strife are both remote
From that sweet refuge in the hills.*

*Within its walls true peace I find;
Each restless day and night inhales
New strength to cope with humankind—
Strength born of God's eternal hills.*

*Oh, friend of mine, this word to you,
As summer brings her endless thrills:
Would you your shaken faith renew?
Then build a cabin in the hills!*

—ADRIAN N. CLARK

WE are most grateful to Mrs. B. W. Meyers, 2131 P St., N. W., Washington, D. C., for these reprint contributions:

*The oak tree boughs once touched the grass,
But every year they grew
A little farther from the ground
And nearer to the blue.*

*So live, that you each year may be,
While time glides swiftly by,
A little farther from the earth
And nearer to the sky.*

*As the days and the weeks and the years
pass on,
May time be best handiwork do
In weaving a bright silken web that will
form
A mantle of joy just for you.*

(Please turn to page 17)

PRESENTED BY FISHER FOODS, CHAMPIONS OF GOOD LIVING

for whom the Cleveland edition of The Family Circle Magazine is exclusively published

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE FAMILY CIRCLE, INC., BATHURST-CONSUMERS BUILDING, NEWARK, N. J. P. R. LEBLANC Advertising Managers. NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVES: THE FAMILY CIRCLE MARKETING, INC., 800 HADSON AVE., NEW YORK CITY; 5 NORTH WILSON AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.; AND 1000 BUREAU, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1938 BY THE FAMILY CIRCLE, INC. FULL COPYRIGHT © N. J. PATENT OFFICE. PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

His Mother—
He'll never
marry, this Phyl-
lis Dabney's look-
ing in his reflected
glory. But she's
completely over-
shadowed by him.

His Director—
The great Wal-
ton Brooks! Great,
my eye! Where
would he be if I
weren't for me? I
made the big hon
what he is today.

His Best Agent—
The blazoning
of two love
he's a laugh!
But it's a sure fire
year. I hope it's
wedding bells, it's
a better story.

His Producer—
I teamed with
Phyllis, he's worth
million dollars
to me. He can't
out-bribe me! I
he's got that en-
tire company.

SIX SHAPES OF TOMORROW

TOMORROW'S MEANING IS DIFFERENT FOR
EVERYBODY. FOR FIVE PERSONS NEAR CLAY-
FOOTED MOVIE ACTOR WALTON BROOKS, THE
MEANINGS OF IT LINED HIS LIFE DRAMA
BY DUDLEY EARLY

THE forecast of the theatre in Hollywood was brilliantly lighted. Crowds blocked the sidewalks on either side. Police strove to keep the curb free from the pressing mob so that notables arriving in expensive automobiles might easily walk the length of the court to enter the theatre.

The marquee's white block letters blazoned out the information, MAJOR STUDIO FEATURE PREVIEW TONIGHT! STARS IN ATTENDANCE! Sucker bait. The preview was primarily for the working press—those who are known as motion picture critics. But it has become the habit in Hollywood to make an event of a press preview. Elaborate invitations, hocus-focus with lights, and stars invited—with some even ordered to attend. Why? Nobody knows exactly. It's just part of the show that is Hollywood. But the theatres profit. Prices are raised, and the public books in for the privilege of seeing a picture before its general release.

What was the Major Studio picture being previewed on this particular night? It was supposed to be a secret, but everybody in the crowd outside knew it was "Waiting for a Lady," starring Walton Brooks. Walton Brooks the elegant. The Walton Brooks over whom two women in East Falls, Maine, had fought a duel with shotguns (although neither of them knew him). Walton Brooks the romantic!

To the members of the press who had to be present, it was old stuff—part of the old job. Cameramen with flashlight bulbs let them pass without a second look. Autograph seekers looked at them hopefully for a moment, but then looked away. Unimportant nobodies. A car drew up to the curb. A star! Perhaps Walton Brooks! No, just a leading lady. But the rush was on. Autograph books came out, and flashlight bulbs popped. The leading lady walked grandly up the cleared stage, policemen and theatre attaches assist-

ing her progress and trying to ward off autograph hounds.

STANDING just inside the theatre were four persons—three men and a woman. The woman was Walton Brooks' mother, a distinguished-looking woman. The three men were Jules Victor, producer of Walton Brooks' pictures; Sam Teller, who directed them; and Walt Brown, who publicized them. They were all waiting for Walton Brooks' arrival.

A sleek black town car drew up at the curb. Walton Brooks stepped out and then assisted a lovely blonde girl to the sidewalk. She was Phyllis Dabney, under contract to the studio where Walton Brooks worked. She had got her first real chance in "Waiting for a Lady," the film being previewed tonight. For the past month, a romance between Walton Brooks and Phyllis Dabney had been highly publicized. They were seen together in night spots, columnists had told the world about them; and there were whispers.

The crowd surged forward, autograph books extended. Patiently, Walton Brooks stopped and began to sign, brushing aside a theatre attendant who offered to rescue him. *Voluntarily oblige.* The public must be served, Walton Brooks' manner said.

The four people waiting for Walton inside the theatre watched with varying emotions and thoughts:

THE MOTHER

"WALTON—my son! So handsome! So gracious! But then he always was good-looking, even as a child. And well-mannered, too. I knew from the first that he'd be just what he is today—the foremost actor on the screen! He's a son to be proud of: For his devotion to me; for his great ability."

"Poor boy, his father never did understand him. The time when Walton was supposed to have hit a little boy much smaller than he, who lived next door, I knew that the little boy was lying. Walton wouldn't have done such a thing. His father was all for punishing him, but I wouldn't permit it. Walton told me himself that the boy was lying—that he never laid a hand on him. Just like Walton said, the boy must have fallen down and bruised his face. It was always like that—Walton being blamed unjustly for things."

"And he's devoted to me for my protection of him. I know it. Thirty years old—and unmarried. He'll never marry, either, as long as I'm alive. He's that devoted. I've never said a word to him about not marrying, though. I'm not that kind of a mother. Of course, I've never liked any of the girls he's gone with and I've let him know it. But

it *hasn't* been because I've been jealous.

Not at all! Just for his own good. There was that Berryman girl—she was in love with him, I know. But she wasn't good enough for him. I certainly can't be blamed for telling him. They say here in Hollywood that his treatment of her after they broke up ruined her screen career. Nonsense! She shouldn't have let herself get involved. She should have known that Walton wasn't in love with her. Of course, he may have been infatuated, but only momentarily. I expect him to have crushes, but—to marry one like the Berryman girl?—emphatically no!

"Now this Dabney girl. . . . It might be getting serious. Walton doesn't say much to me about her. That's a bad sign. It may be more serious than I think. The newspapers may be right. I'd better start letting him know that I don't approve. Who is *she*, anyway? Certainly not the type for my boy. Rather common-looking, I think. Out there now she's completely overshadowed by him. She's looking in reflected glory. I wonder if she intends to try to marry him. She'd better not try! Tomorrow morning I'll talk to him about her. I'll let him know I disapprove. She's not good enough for him. Why, she's nobody! Tomorrow. . . ."

THE DIRECTOR

"THE great Walton Brooks! Great, my eye! Where would he be if it weren't for me? I made the big ham what he is today. Directed his last four pictures, and it wasn't until he worked for me that he jumped to the top of the list. Actor! That lug can't act for beans! I have to work hours with him in private before we go to the set. He can't remember lines, he's hard to get along with, he's full of his own importance—swelled-headed."

"Only last week I had to go to Jules Victor and tell him that Brooks was getting impos- (Please turn to page 9)

Patently, Walton Brooks stopped, began to sign autograph books. *Voluntarily oblige.* The public must be served, Walton Brooks' manner said.





Yes, even for breakfast

A "standby" for lunch

LET PREMIUM CRACKERS HELP YOU IN MENU PLANNING

It's no joke to figure out what to put on the table three times a day! But you can *add* an appetizing "lift" to meals and make familiar dishes taste new and exciting by serving tempting Premium Crackers.

Try them toasted for breakfast—that's a grand new wrinkle! Let their delicate salty tang pep up the luncheon salad. And for dinner see how these flaky crackers give new zest to tomato juice, soup, cheese.

Your grocer carries Premium Crackers in 3 popular sizes. You'll always find them invitingly fresh—for they are baked in National Biscuit Company nearby ovens and rushed to your grocer at the peak of their goodness. Buy a package today!



Always for dinner



Look for this SEAL OF PERFECT BAKING *which identifies*
products of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Kitcheneering"—a cheerful red binder, completely indexed and designed to hold more than 200 papers—is ideal for these cutout papers, as well as for pet recipes of your own. Send for one of these useful, attractive binders and start making your own cook book. We're offering Kitcheneering—postpaid for only 24¢ in coin or stamps. Please write to Julia Lee Wright, 40 Madison Avenue, The Family Circle Magazine, New York, New York.

Julia Lee Wright



EVERY once in a while we make a discovery which fills us with so much enthusiasm that we feel like rushing out and taking to a soapbox in the public square to tell people about it! This time it's about hot crisp rolls, fresh from the oven—the kind which transform a simple luncheon or dinner into something extra-special.

Our rolls are made from an old friend, baking powder biscuit dough, enriched with extra shortening and an egg. But don't just take our word for it—try some for yourself, for it's surprising how this dough can be kneaded, twisted, and turned into fancy shapes and baked with grand results.

This kneading business may cause a little alarm to those who have always religiously followed the injunction to handle biscuit dough gently and reverently. However, we have found that the enriched dough with its extra shortening shows a marked improvement when it is kneaded lightly for about two minutes. The folding and turning of the dough on a sparsely floured board develops it so that the rolls hold their shape, yet they stay flaky in texture and the crusts are tender.

During our experimenting in the testing kitchen, we have found that the enriched biscuit dough may be kneaded and stored in the refrigerator and will make just as fine rolls as when baked at once. They will be a little larger in size, but the crust will be tender. Busy hostesses may make and knead the dough, then shape the rolls, and keep them in readiness to hurry into the oven. A damp cloth spread over the top of the rolls will prevent drying out. It isn't necessary to bring them back to room tempera-

BREADS—VOL. 2A

The Family Circle Magazine, January 7th, 1938

thick; cut in 1-inch strips. Take 3 strips; braid. Bake. While still warm, brush with powdered sugar icing. Makes 2 braided strips about 6 inches long.

JAM OR FRUIT HOLLOWS—Roll dough $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick; cut with round biscuit cutter. Make depression in center of each round and fill with jam, jelly, or fruit filling. Bake.

BEAR CLAWS—Roll dough $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick; sprinkle with $\frac{1}{8}$ cup firmly

CARAMEL PECAN ROLLS



packed brown sugar, 1 tbsp. flour mixed with 1 tsp. cinnamon, and $\frac{1}{8}$ cup seedless raisins. Roll up as for jelly roll; cut in 2-inch pieces; and flatten out. Using scissors, slash one folded edge at 1-inch intervals to within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch opposite side. Bake. Makes 6 bear claws.

SPECIAL COFFEE CAKE, ROLLS
ALMOND TEA RING—Add 3 tbsps. sugar to dry ingredients. Proceed

as for enriched biscuits. Roll out into thin rectangle; sprinkle with 3 tbsps. sugar, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 cup shredded almonds, and 12 maraschino cherries cut in thin rings. Roll up as for jelly roll; place on lightly greased baking sheet with ends together. Using scissors, cut diagonal gashes at 2-inch intervals to within 1 inch of center. Twist each cut section and place flat on pan. Place whole or half maraschino cherry on each point. Bake.

CARAMEL PECAN ROLLS—Roll dough $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick; spread with 2 tbsps. softened butter; sprinkle with $\frac{1}{8}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. cinnamon, and $\frac{1}{8}$ cup chopped pecans. Roll up as for jelly roll; cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices. Place $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. butter, 1 tbsp. brown sugar, and a few pecan halves in greased deep muffin rings; put rolls cut side down in pans. Bake. Rolls may be baked in well greased ring mold or square pan.

CINNAMON ROLLS—Roll dough $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick; spread with 2 tbsps. softened butter; and sprinkle with 2 tbsps. cinnamon and $\frac{1}{8}$ cup sugar. Roll up as for jelly roll; cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices. Place rolls cut side down in well greased muffin rings or in square pan. Bake.

GERMAN COFFEE CAKE—Pat dough into well greased 8-inch pan; and spread with mixture made by rubbing together 3 tbsps. flour, 2 tbsps. butter, and 4 tbsps. sugar. Press thin apple slices down lightly on top of dough, arranging them in slightly overlapping symmetrical rows. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{8}$ cup brown sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Bake, covering pan with another inverted pan to steam apples; remove inverted pan after 10 minutes.



These pages appear ONLY in The Family Circle Magazine, and we hope you will save every single one of them, for we cannot send reprints. Twice a year we plan to issue an index of the recipes which have been printed, so that everything can be filed in order. If you make a point of saving these pages as they appear, it won't take long for you to collect enough for a good, fat cook book of your own.



ROLL VARIATIONS

ture before baking either, as they are small enough for the high heat of the oven to penetrate readily.

If the dough is divided into equal parts before it is shaped, you will be sure to have rolls of uniform size. It isn't wise to try to bake large rolls and tiny ones on the same baking sheet.

This same enriched dough can be made into coffee cakes, too—those favorite stand-bys for simple afternoon and evening refreshments. Since coffee cake is more or less held in shape by the pan in which it is baked, the biscuit mixture requires only a brief kneading, about one-half minute.

Various toppings make it possible to produce different kinds of cakes from the same dough. Different crusts may be produced on rolls for the sake of variety. For instance, if the shaped rolls are brushed with milk (with a little sugar added) before they are placed in the oven, they will be brown and crisp, while a little softened butter on freshly baked hot rolls makes them more tender. A beautiful brown glaze may be achieved by brushing shaped rolls with an egg wash before baking. This wash is made by combining one egg yolk with two tablespoons of water.

Poppy and sesame seeds also may be used for variation. They cling to the tops of rolls for dear life when sprinkled over them immediately after the egg wash is put on. Sweet icings are spread on fancy rolls while they are still warm. Confectioner's sugar, made into a thin paste with cream or fruit juice, gives these rolls a professional appearance.

And the best point about this is that all of these rolls come from one recipe—and in fine shape for any occasion!



Julia Lee Wright

JANUARY 7TH

ENRICHED BISCUIT DOUGH

Used for rolls and coffee cakes

2 cups all-purpose flour	6 tbsp. shortening
3 tsp. baking powder	1 egg
1/2 tsp. salt	MILK

Sift flour; measure; and sift again with baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening until it is as fine as corn meal. Break egg into measuring cup; beat with fork; and add enough milk to make $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid. Add to flour mixture; stir with fork until all of flour is dampened. Turn out on lightly floured board.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR USING ENRICHED BISCUIT DOUGH

Knead dough lightly 2 minutes for shaped rolls; $\frac{1}{2}$ minute for coffee cake. Divide evenly; shape according to kind of rolls or cake desired. Bake rolls 12 to 15 minutes, or until brown, in hot oven (425° F.). Bake coffee cake 20 to 25 minutes, or until done, in hot oven (425° F.). Makes 14 to 16 medium-size rolls or biscuits, or 1 8-inch coffee cake.

SHAPING ENRICHED BISCUIT DOUGH

CLOVERLEAF ROLLS—Shape dough into small balls; place 3 in each section of greased muffin pan. Drop small amount of butter in center so balls will divide easily when baked. Bake.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS—Roll dough $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick; cut with 2-inch biscuit cutter; and brush center with softened butter. Fold a little off-center so that the top portion slightly overlaps bottom; pinch ends together. Place on baking sheet. Bake.

BOWKNOT ROLLS—Pinch off round piece of dough; roll with one hand on board, pressing down so that a long, pencil-like shape is made. Tie

in single knot. Place on baking sheet. Bake.

NAPKIN ROLLS—Roll dough into strip a little more than 3 inches wide and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Cut 3 inch triangles from strip. Brush with softened butter. Beginning at wide end of each triangle, roll loosely toward point. Place on baking sheet with point tucked under. Bake.

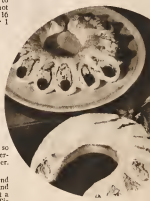
SUPPER PAN ROLLS—Pinch off small bits of dough; make into balls; place close together in greased square baking pan; and brush with softened butter. Bake.

SUGAR SQUARES—Roll dough $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick; cut in squares; brush with softened butter; and dip in sugar. Bake.

FILLED ROLLS

BRAIDED ORANGE STRIPS—Add 1 tsp. grated orange rind to dry ingredients; proceed as for enriched biscuits. Roll out $\frac{1}{4}$ inch

ALMOND TEA RING



SIX SHAPES OF TOMORROW

(Continued from page 5)

sable—wouldn't take direction. I asked to be taken off the picture, sure that I'd never direct another one of Brooks' epics. I mean it, too. I finished this one, but no more!

"And what a heel he is! No consideration for anybody but himself. I remember the time he deliberately jabbed a girl in the eye because she was staring scenes from him. Her eye swelled up, and she had to be taken out of the cast and another girl substituted—a girl not so good.

"And the Berryman girl! She was a nice young thing. She fell head over heels in love with that aloof, and nobody could tell her anything about him. I wanted to, but I knew it wouldn't do any good. Sure enough, he ditched her cold after deliberately making a play for her. That did something to her. She went to New York. She's doing all right on the stage back there. And she had a swell chance in pictures, too, but she won't come back here. Lots of offers, but she's still in love with Brooks.

"Now there's this Dabney kid. It looks as if she's going the same way as the Berryman girl. She and Brooks are together all the time. Unless I've lost the knack of knowing a heel when I see one—or unless Brooks has reformed—she's in for trouble. Of course, if Berryman had been the only one—but there were others before her. There'll be more. I guess the Dabney kid is gone on him. The kid can act. She has a future, too. But when Brooks gets through with her, she'll be knocked twisted. Wonder what Tony Ashland will think about it? Phyllis was Tony's girl before. Tony went on his vacation to Europe a month ago. He'll get back to find Phyllis gone on Brooks. I feel sorry for him—for Phyllis, too. But Brooks? I'd like to wring his neck—just on general principles.

"Tomorrow I'm going to see Jules Victor again. I'll demand to be taken off the Brooks pictures. I'm big enough to do it now, with the lot of hits I've got to my credit. TOMMORROW . . ."

THE PRESS AGENT

"WELL, there they are—my own creations! Walton Brooks and Phyllis Dabney, the world's best known lovers! And what lovers, too! With all the fervor that I could squeeze out of my old typewriter. I guess I'm just about the best press agent in the business. Who but me could have thought of manufacturing this romance? Nobody else on the lot had such an idea. And what do I get? Pin money! A measly six-bits per week. I ought to walk out on Jules Victor, the old skunk! He never appreciates anything.

"Here I take the most popular star on the screen. He needs good publicity. I take a girl who's just coming along. She needs publicity, too. I say, 'Listen, kiddies, here's a break for both of you. Just link arms and go around together. I don't care what you say to each other. I don't even care if you don't talk at all. But you're both trouperes. Act like you're crazy about each other. Hold hands in public a little—just not too much. Be shy at first. Phyllis, this'll make you, and when that boy friend of yours gets back from Europe, he'll be proud of you."

"Brooks was reluctant. But he always was hard for the press department to get along with—never would co-operate right. He's got all the boys from the studios down on him. Fan mag writers are snubbing him. Press correspondents avoid him like poison. They've ganged up on him. This little idea of mine was the only thing that could have got him any credit. It was so hot that the scribbles just couldn't resist it. But if that stint of a Brooks isn't care-

(Please turn to page 22)

Armour's Meal of the Month

A new and exciting edition of "Sausage and Cakes". You roll the cakes, and serve with Pancake Butter Fluff

MENU

(Breakfast, Lunch or Supper)
Pineapple Juice
Broiled Star Pork Sausages
Pancake Rolls
with Cloverbloom Butter Fluff Spread
Apple, Red Grape
and Grapefruit Compote
Coffee Cream

THE COST of this meal served to four, including everything—is 92 cents. Only 23 cents per person!

THE TIME MEAS
Grilled prepared this meal for the table in thirty minutes.



ARMOUR'S STAR ALL PORK SAUSAGE with Pancake Rolls (a double-surprise in flavor)

• "What's new about sausage and pancakes?"
Pancake *sauces*. This simple discovery of a piquant sweet sauce to put on pancakes is an astonishing improvement of an old favorite.

The sausage should be pork sausage—all pork. You just don't get the flavor when other meats, cereals, or any substitutes for those pure pork morsels are mixed in. (Armour's Star Pork Sausage is all pork.)

Place a pound (or more) of Star links or patties on broiler rack four inches below a moderate flame. Broil six minutes to a side—or until golden brown. Turn once, carefully.

Pancake Rolls

Mix 2 cups prepared pancake dough with 2½ cups milk (or water). Fold in 2 beaten Cloverbloom egg whites if desired, for extra fluff. Bake this thin batter in usual 2-cup larger than usual. Remove from griddle, spread with pancake sauce, and roll up at once. Replenish as needed.

How to make The New

Pancake Spread

Cream ½ lb. Cloverbloom butter until light and fluffy.

Add ½ cup brown sugar (packed). Add gradually, beating mixture to a fluffy mass. Stir in 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Use this butter fluff spread instead of butter and syrup—it's a taste sensation!

Roll pancakes aren't hard to make. Neither is this newly discovered spread, and it will keep in the refrigerator for days.

What gives sausage that "home-made" taste

Did you know that sausage with that honest home-made taste owes its flavor to the fact that it is pure pork? So when you buy pork sausage, get what you pay for. Armour puts no other meat in Star Pork Sausage. . . This meal of the month is a happy combination; serve it often. Remember, there is no substitute for meat.

SAVE MONEY BUYING ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

You can serve the finest ham every day, on the closest budget, if you buy it this wasteful way

• Ask your dealer for two perfect slices of ham sold the new way with no waste at all. No bone, no rind just the finest part of the finest Armour's Star Ham. A blessing to all whose table must meet a budget.



ODD JOBS

ELBOWS McFADDEN MAKES YOU GROW, AND CONSUELO RHODES AND JOHN SLACK PERPETUATE ANY MESSAGE, TENDER OR TOUGH, WHICH BURDENS YOUR SOUL • BY STEWART ROBERTSON

THE GREAT UPLIFTER

"I WON'T be comin' back no more," said one of George Edward "Elbows" McFadden's gratified clients. "I'm okay now—and it just fits."

"I could do a lot more for you," said Mr. McFadden, "so why stop now? And what just fits?"

"Me chin," said the customer. "I've got up now to where it rests real easy on me sweetie's shoulder while we're dancin'."

And there you have one reason why too short gentlemen seek the services of the good-natured Elbows McFadden of New York City, forty years ago a contender for the world's lightweight boxing championship and now first aid to vanity, love, envy, and potential job holders in the Civil Service. Mr. McFadden thinks nothing of stretching the human frame an inch or two, and this trick has made him the patron saint of smodry would-be firemen, policemen, post-men, and railway mail clerks. It seems that scores of youths possessing the requisite knowledge, courage, and athletic ability still lack the stature of five feet, seven inches required by the New York Fire Department, and the one inch more necessary for the police force. They would be turned down, and perhaps thereby turned into pessimists, if it were not for Mr. McFadden's elevating influence. He pulls them out like a rubber band.

His record books are studded with entries in the customers' own handwriting, for each client is requested to keep track of his upshoot. Each day the client's height on checking in is written down. And opposite that is recorded his height upon departure after treatment. Slowly, but with unflinching certainty—by sixteenths of an inch—the customer grows taller until, in nearly all cases, the record is concluded with a large, triumphantly scrawled PASSED.

"Sometimes the fellow can hardly believe it," Mr. McFadden told me, "and he gets sort of afraid of himself—like his body had some mysterious power and was getting away from him. He feels eerie. He'll measure himself and rub his eyes and look at me like I'm a magician. And then he breaks into a big grin. 'I'm taller!' he yells, happy as though he had a million bucks. And when I know his added height means a job, or a wife, or something for him, I can't help but be happy, too. But I wonder if he'll always be so easily satisfied."

The McFadden books show the records of a customer who breezed into Elbows' establishment last February 2. He then scaled a measly five feet, three and a half inches. On March 18, he cantered away again measuring five feet, four and five-eighths inches. Another gent popped up from five feet, six and three-eighths inches to five

feet, eight inches in one month, and the year's prize client exchanged his five feet, four and one-sixteenth inches for five feet, six and three-sixteenths!

SOME customers respond to treatment with all the smoothness of a well oiled telescope. Mr. McFadden has found, but others have to be coaxed for several months. At present, Mr. McFadden is having a difficult time with a Puerto Rican youth, and Elbows figures that hot countries must dry out the natives so that they do not have an elasticity which would make them easy to draw out.

"I must be getting a whale of a rep," said Elbows, who earned his nickname in his prize-fighting days by blocking with those useful joints and then following through in one movement with a downward chopping blow (a trick which he has never been able to impart to his students of the manly art). "Sometimes, though, I can't live up to the tallhoo of some lad I've lengthened," Elbows lamented. "One day in comes a little stumpy guy who's only four feet six and he asks me please to stretch him into policeman size, because his girl thinks he would look swell directing traffic. Just fourteen inches more—that's all he wanted! I told him if I ever got him elongated that far, he'd look too peculiar even for the police department, and besides, I told him, he might go back to his former size with a sudden snap some frosty morning, and that would leave him worse off than ever. That got him, so he compromised by letting me make him taller than his girl—a matter of an inch and a half. Lots of my fellows contract a little, sometimes overnight, but it's only a fraction of the extra height I've given them for keeps."

"Anybody can be stretched. Without using two-dollar words, this spine we're walking around with is like a rod with a lot of washers on it. In between the washers is cartilage, and with too much slouching and bad posture and sitting around all day, this cartilage gets squashed like wads of paper, and the washers get closer together. So what I really do is to pull those washers farther apart."

THE weird-looking machines with which Mr. McFadden achieves his transformations defy adequate description on paper. At first glance they appear to be holdovers from the days of the Spanish Inquisition, but all were invented by Elbows. So, to explore the twinges of the rack, I accepted his invitation to test each contraption under his guidance.

One of them has an overhead lever which is pushed up through a series of notches while a harness supports the back of the neck. No tiptoe stuff by the subject goes here. You push while standing flat-footed,



Elbows McFadden is not getting ready to lynch his client—he's stretching him.



Mr. and Mrs. Annette Josephs—the passed up his machine—he got a million bucks for.



S. S. Van Dine—added a movie idol to Mr. Slack's list of unusual visitors.



'Lord Desmond' and friend—he brought chairman his visitors would have sniffed at.

and when the ultimate notch has been reached, Elbows releases a ratchet, the lever swings back, and then you try it again. The second time you find the lever can go higher. The while you are slowly being stretched out, your head is held in a looped neck sling. It made me think of a nice quiet homemade lynching.

There is a backbone stretcher in which you lean against a plush pad and reach upward and backward to raise weights, and iron is placed at your feet to keep you from flying. Weights are adjusted to the customer and then increased as he progresses. There is a leather padded device, shaped like a quarter of a circle, over which you curve yourself in a back bend. Then, arms seemingly reaching yards behind you, you pull weights by means of pulleys, while ankle loops hold you fast. Finally, you are spread-eagled, heavy dumbbells are tied to your arms and legs, and a motor gently expands you into a larger X. The machines must be tested to be fully appreciated, and I suspect my gangling six feet sprouted a tiny fraction during my brief dalliance among them.

Inasmuch as the McFadden studio is at 51 E. 59th Street, between Park and Madison Avenues, he draws pretty well from what theatre managers like to call the carriage trade—and Elbows finds that socialites aspire and perspire just like truck drivers.

“ONE of the heavy money boys told me that people would try to console him by reminding him that Napoleon was very short,” said Elbows, “but he said that guff didn’t go down with him. There was a girl who wasn’t going to marry anything under five feet, seven and a half inches—which is what I call spitting hairs—but I got him even better than that, and he rushed out to propose. She turned him down for a still taller man, but he got another queen who wouldn’t consider him before because she was afraid he’d look insignificant at a church wedding.

“The ladies send me lots of customers, and from what I hear they have a habit of going to the movies and raving about this Robert Taylor and Clark Gable—how grand and tall they are, and how masterful—and then they have the nerve to sneak a pitying look at the guy beside them who paid for their tickets. The guys don’t say anything, but they worry, and then they hear of me. Why, I’ve even had midgets come to me, but I couldn’t fit my machines to them. One

Army colonel dragged his son in here one day. The colonel was cut up because the lad was undersize. ‘To think,’ he says, ‘that I should be the father of a shrimp! Make him five feet eight,’ he says, ‘even if you have to kill him to do it!’ I drew him out, all right, but it was a slow job.

“There are some fellows who just can’t wait,” continues Mr. McFadden. “Look at this!” Elbows riffled the pages of his record book to disclose the following short story which took place all in one day, “IN, 5’ 9½”—OUT, 5’ 10½.” Then, it seems, the client went out to lunch, shrank a bit while stoking up, and returned. “IN, 5’ 10½”—OUT, 5’ 10 13/16.” Each treatment takes about half an hour. The day I called on Elbows, I bumped into a happy youth departing after his first treatment, in which he had been stretched five eighths of an inch.

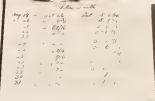
Mr. McFadden still gives boxing lessons and puts people in condition, among them John and Lionel Barrymore, and sometimes Elbows acts as the agent of vengeance. A purposeful gent may call with a nasty glint in his eye, be yanked up an inch, absorb considerable fistic instruction, and be off, intent upon sloughing some rival.

“I turn down women customers,” said Elbows, “because I prefer to keep this place for men. But I know women wear high heels because they want to appear taller, and I know they admire tall men. Why, when I have a customer working here—practically in the nude, do you see—I have to haul big screens in front of my windows to keep the dames in that high-toned apartment house across the street from giving my customer the glad eye. Some of the customers would like it, but they never give me an argument.”

SMALL wonder at that. Today Elbows is a quiet, bespectacled citizen in his sixties, and his voice is deceptively soft, but around the walls of his studio are ranged relics of his former greatness in the ring—two pairs of boxing gloves with which he knocked out some of the elite of fistiana in the Gay Nineties. Had breaks, unfortunately, kept him from claiming the lightweight championship crown.

Elbows fought Joe Gans several times, and once, before the Negro became champion, knocked Gans out in twenty-three rounds. After he won the title, Gans refused to gamble it with Elbows. And Elbows loved to fight in those days, as is witnessed by this activity: Frank Erne beat Elbows McFadden in twenty-five rounds on a decision on May 9, 1899. The following July 3, Erne won the world’s championship by a decision over Kid Lavigne. On October 6, Elbows knocked out Lavigne in nineteen rounds, and he only wished he could have got the Kid before Erne did. And then on October 31 he took on Gans—a program which would cause the present lightweight crop of pugilistic weeds to wither away. Erne would never give Elbows a chance at the title, and saved it up to lose to Gans some years later.

After knocking out Gans, Elbows had his fist and forearm cast in gilded plaster. Some time later an enterprising druggist borrowed it for a window display. Mr. McFadden dropped around one day to view this by-product of success and found his fist enshrined in the midst of a huge pile of fancy-looking cans. “This is the powder that knocked out Gans,” pointed out a lurid



Convicts aren't the only ones who find it so fun to do a stretch. Here, as a contraption of Elbows McFadden's own devising, the customer reaches up and back and pulls the weight down. If you'd done it yourself, you'd know why he doesn't look happier. He's wondering just when his spine is going to snap. (Below) What you read in Mr. McFadden's books convinces you that he certainly knows how to make little ones into bigger ones. But strike on either, he needs no imagination to make tall stories of his short stories.

sign with a couple of arrows, “and this is the powder that knocks out bedbugs.” *Sic transit gloria mundi*, as prize fighters ought to say.

There is no doubt about the lure of height to the youth of New York. Fiction, the stage, and the movies are full of tall and rangy guys. Tall guys are wu-hunderful—they are noble—they are decorative—they are this and them and those. “Sure, sure,

(Please turn to page 17)



John A. Sloat—he listens to poets, barkers, cussers, culies, and confidence men



Sue Sutton's MENUS

Sunday

Pineapple-Orange Juice Cocktail
Veal Shoulder Stuffed with Prunes
Mashed Potatoes Gravy
Buttered Brussels Sprouts
Apple, Celery, and Brazil Nut
Salad with Mayonnaise
Biscuits Jam Butter
Strawberry Preserve Sundae
Cookies
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Monday

Warm-over Roast Veal
Potato Cakes
Creamed Brussels Sprouts
Hot Pickled Beets
Bread Butter
Baked Bananas Cupcakes
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Tuesday

Ground Ham Patties
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Buttered String Beans
Cranberry Jelly Salad with
Celery Curls
Bread Butter
Baked Chocolate Custards
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Wednesday

Beans Southern
Stewed Tomatoes
Mixed Fruit Salad with
Mayonnaise Dressing
Bread Butter
Steamed Fig Pudding
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Thursday

Braised Round Steak with
Brown Gravy
Shredded Potatoes with Cheese
Whole Carrots
Lettuce Salad with French
Dressing
Bread Butter
Cup Custards Cookies
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Friday

Baked Canned Salmon
Escalloped Whole Kernel Corn
and Lima Beans
New England Cole Slaw
Bread Butter
Apple Tap Pie
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Saturday

Braised Hamburger Cutlets
Potato Chips
Beets, Spanish Style
Tomato Relish
Onion Rings in Vinegar
Bread Butter
Mince-meat Tarts with Thin
Cranberry Sauce
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

EACH OF THE FOLLOWING RECIPES HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY
TESTED IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE'S TESTING KITCHEN

WHOLE cooked prunes make a delicious stuffing for the Sunday veal roast. Don't remove the pits, for they help the prunes to keep their shape. Your marketman will cut a pocket in the veal shoulder to accommodate the fruit.

On Monday, the leftover Brussels sprouts may be creamed. Try them sprinkled with a few shaved Brazil nuts. Baked bananas are an easy dessert. Choose fruit with green tips, peel, and arrange in a shallow baking dish.

Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with salt, and bake about twelve to eighteen minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.).

For unusual potatoes on Thursday, shred the raw vegetables and place in a covered casserole with generous amounts of butter and seasonings. Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake about thirty minutes, uncovering the last few minutes to brown the top, in a moderate oven (350° F.).

New England cole slaw, planned for Friday, boasts a dressing of vinegar

and seasonings over very finely shredded cabbage.

To climax the week's menus, pour thin cranberry sauce over small mince-meat tarts for Saturday's dessert.

BAKED CHOCOLATE CUSTARDS

This dessert will be enjoyed

1 1-ounce square unsweetened chocolate	¼ cup sugar ¼ teaspoon salt ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract
2 cups milk	
2 eggs	

Heat chocolate and milk in double boiler until chocolate is melted; beat with rotary beater until thoroughly blended. Beat eggs slightly; add sugar and salt; add chocolate mixture gradually, stirring until sugar is dissolved; and add flavoring. Pour into lightly greased custard cups. Bake in pan of hot water 60 minutes, or until silver knife inserted in center comes out clean, in moderately slow oven (325° F.). Cook. Serve in cups or unmold on serving dishes. Makes 6 custards.

BEANS SOUTHERN

Baked with pork sausages

1 cup dried or 3 cups cooked snuff white beans	2 tablespoons chopped green pepper 1 teaspoon salt
½ pound link pork sausages	¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning
¼ cup chopped onion	½ cup milk

Pick over and wash beans; cook in water to cover 2½ to 3 hours, or until tender, adding more water as needed. Parboil sausages 5 minutes in boiling water; drain; and sauté until lightly browned. Combine cooked beans, onion, green pepper, and seasonings; pour in well greased casserole; place sausages on top; and pour milk over mixture. Bake 25 minutes, or until sausages are done, in moderate oven (350° F.). Serves 6 to 8. (Note: Lima, kidney, or cranberry beans may be used.)

STEAMED FIG PUDDING

For cold days

1½ cups flour	½ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon baking powder	1 tablespoon grated orange rind
½ teaspoon soda	1 cup chopped figs
¼ teaspoon salt	½ cup finely chopped walnut meats
¼ cup shortening	2 egg whites
½ cup sugar	
1 tablespoon lemon juice	

Sift flour; measure; and sift again with baking powder, soda, and salt. Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add fruit juices and orange rind to figs; combine with creamed mixture. Add sifted dry ingredients to fig mixture; add nut meats; and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Fill well greased pudding mold two-thirds full; cover tightly; and steam 2 hours. Serve warm with your favorite pudding sauce. Serves 8.

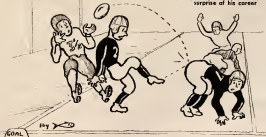
APPLE TOP PIE

Fruted custard

½ cup finely chopped raisins	2 teaspoons cinnamon
½ cup finely chopped walnut meats	Unbaked pie shell
½ cup sugar	1 egg
	1 cup milk
	1 cup tart applesauce

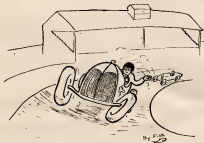
Combine raisins, walnut meats, sugar, and cinnamon; mix thoroughly; and spread over bottom of pie shell. Beat egg; add milk and applesauce; stir well; and pour over raisin mixture. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.); reduce to moderate oven (350° F.); and bake about 20 minutes longer, or until silver knife inserted in center comes out clean. Makes 1 9-inch pie. Serves 6 to 8.

Diagram showing Dinwiddie's scoring season at a glance. Alumni were pleased by this brilliant touchdown play in which the end (No. 34) came in fast (though none too hopefully) and got the surprise of his career.



WHAT'S THE SCORE? BY FISH

The Americans follow the Duke of Windsor and refuse to tell



Race drivers become so polite that Mr. Moroni, the leader, holds out his hand for a left turn all the way around the oval track.

WHEN, recently, the Duke of Windsor was asked how he came out in a tennis match played with one of his royal cousins, he replied,

"Quite satisfactorily. I wish I could tell you the score."

This, it seems, is the only reply which victorious Englishmen consider sporting. The game is the thing, and to reveal the score would sound like vain crowing over the vanquished.

Knowing the interest which Americans have always had in Edward's affairs, and how, in the past, they have imitated his dress and all, I am now looking forward to the time when we see items like the following on our sports pages:

"FOUR thousand cheering students of New Cassidy College gathered at the railroad station last night to greet their football team, returning from the game with Dinwiddie University. Coach Flint appeared upon the rear platform of the train and spoke shyly to the rooters.

"The results of our season have been rather gratifying," he admitted. "You understand, of course, that I can't reveal the scores, but I shall go so far as to say that after our showing against Dinwiddie last Saturday, I think it not unlikely we shall

play another game in a certain Bowl on New Year's Day."

And what about Dinwiddie? Oh, I can just hear its prominent alumni voicing their opinions. When asked what they think about the fact that their alma mater, whose coach gets \$15,000 a year, produced a team which scored only once all season (and that on a blocked punt), they will cheerfully reply,

"Did they? We haven't paid any attention to the scores. The sport's the thing."

THE baseball season will have its little surprises, too. You'll pick up the paper and read:

"Investigating reports that he had hurled a no-hit, no-run game against the New York Yankees, sports writers interviewed 'Daddy' Slinger, famous pitcher.

"Is it true you shut 'em out?" reporters asked.

"An embarrassing question," Slinger replied coldly. "Naturally I should not want to discuss an incident which might in any way discredit my opponents."

AS for boxing, we may expect something like this:

"On the eve of his battle for the heavy-weight title, 'Killer' McGinski was accosted by several fans as he finished his workout.

"Do you expect a satisfactory outcome in this fight?" he was asked.

"Gentlemen," pleaded McGinski, "Mr. Louis and I want it definitely understood that this is merely a friendly match, and the result is of no public concern."

EVEN auto racing will undoubtedly feel the effects of the Duke of Windsor's gesture, and we'll have news items reading, "A 'leak' among track insiders today substantiated rumors that 'Zip' Mosoni was first in the recent Indianapolis Speedway races, piloting his car over the 500-mile course in record time. The speed driver refused to be interviewed, and newsmen sought out officials of the Pop Gasoline Company. In seeking to trap them into a statement, one reporter remarked,

"We heard that Mosoni used your gasoline exclusively and broke eleven records."

"Page Spreadwell, advertising manager of the gasoline company, beamed delightedly. "Yes," he said, "Mosoni and our product sure showed those other—"

"He stopped in sudden embarrassment at the breach of sporting etiquette he had almost committed. He quickly regained his poise, however.

"You may say," he amended, "that Mosoni's performance was quite unobjectionable to us."

Oh, yes, I expect to live to see this change in American sports. And just think—when I do, it will be only because I have broken a record myself!

I mean Methusalem's!



The British, it is said, are so sporting that they won't even look when returning a shot for fear of noticing what the score is.



Mr. "Killer" McGinski shyly refuses to comment upon the possible outcome of his battle for the title.

HAS THIS EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

An interview with Dr. Marston,
the Family Circle psychologist
BY OLIVE RICHARD

WHEN YOU HAVE A HUNCH

OR VISION COME TRUE, WHAT'S THE ANSWER? THIS ARTICLE SUGGESTS WHAT IT MAY BE

ELIZABETH SEFTON lay dying in her California home. Her brother Jim, who had always been her beloved pal, was somewhere in France with the American Expeditionary Forces. Mary Sefton, Elizabeth's mother, sat weeping at her daughter's bedside. Suddenly the dying girl sat upright in bed, her eyes shining. "Jim!" she cried, smiling. "Oh Jim! I can see you!" Then she sank back on her pillow. "Jim!" all right, Mommy. He'll come home safe," Elizabeth murmured, and died with the smile still on her face.

Weeks later, Mrs. Sefton had a letter from Jim. He wrote that one night he had been lying in a trench when suddenly he saw a circle of golden light like a halo. Out of the light his sister seemed to come, smiling at him and saying, "Jim!" But when he tried to touch her, he felt that he could not—that she was dead—and the vision faded. The experience so impressed Jim that next morning he wrote the letter to his mother asking anxiously if Elizabeth was all right.

It was Mrs. Sefton who wrote me of this strange incident. She said, "I wish you would ask our FAMILY Circle psychologist, Dr. William Moulton Marston, whether such things can actually happen or whether they are merely coincidences. Jim did come home safe—just as my daughter had prophesied on her deathbed. It would mean so much to me if I could believe human spirits can see persons they love without the aid of bodily eyes."

I was very much afraid that Dr. Marston would have some disillusioning scientific explanation of the Seftons' beautiful experi-

ence. To my surprise, however, Dr. Marston showed intense interest in the case. He pulled out a file drawer which was crammed with papers. Indicating the contents, he said, "These records contain data from unfinished experiments in telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition. The results strongly indicate that communication by mental radio, or 'extra-sensory perception,' as it is called, is a fairly common phenomenon in every day life. I also have records of many similar cases which have occurred outside of experimental or laboratory work. A distinguished friend of mine contributed what is perhaps the most humorous case of all which have come to my attention. My friend was on a lecture tour which took him from his home in the East to Kansas City. One morning at dawn he awoke with the conviction that his wife needed him. Being a man of action, he canceled his immediate plans and took a plane for home. He arrived to find his house empty. Upon investigation he found that his wife, wishing to discuss some extremely important business matter with him, had flown to Kansas City the night before—and they had passed on route. My friend now uses the telephone or telegraph when he gets a hunch. It's much less expensive!"

"SPEAKING of flying," I said, "I know of an incident which gives me chills when I think of it." And I told Dr. Marston about a friend of mine who was in a Middle Western city, planning to catch a south-bound plane, he was about to leave for the airport when a long-distance telephone call came through from his mother. "Thank God you haven't left!" she said. "I beg you not to take that plane. Wait over for the next one!" My friend was somewhat annoyed, but he finally agreed to wait. It was well that he did, because the pilot and all passengers were killed when a terrific storm wrecked the ship on the flight he had planned to take.

Dr. Marston nodded as I concluded my story. "Just such occurrences as that," he said, "encouraged us to begin experiments in telepathy more than twenty years ago at Harvard. These were in charge of Dr. Leonard Troland, the man who later developed the Technicolor process now used in motion pictures. For the early experiments, Dr. Troland built a machine which automatically flashed lights of different colors. A man or woman sat alone in a dark room and concentrated on each color as it appeared before him. In another room, a second person sat alone, eyes closed, trying to catch from the mind of the observer of the colored lights the thought of the color the latter was looking at. The second person then recorded the color which he seemed to perceive mentally by pressing an electric button before him. Use of the automatic machine made certain that only the mind of the sender could be aware of the color shown, and that only the mind of the receiver, or percipient, could be aware of the color he seemed to catch from the sender's mind. All other minds were thus eliminated

from the experiment and so were kept from sending out thoughts which might possibly interfere. The final result showed a probability of fourteen to one that telepathic communication actually took place between the two people in separate rooms."

"Of course you had some explanation?" I suggested.

"Oh, of course we had one," Dr. Marston said. "We thought that the human mind must send out thought waves similar to the radio waves broadcast by a sending station. We believed that the other person's brain was somehow sensitive to these thought waves which it caught and translated into sensations or ideas. I'll tell you why later, but we were wrong."

"Impossible!" I cried in mock surprise.

"That's the first time I ever heard you admit that you were wrong about anything."

"Sometimes," he grinned. "I'll give you a list of cases in which I—and other psychologists—were wrong. It is the mark of a reputable scientist to know when he's wrong and then to admit it. I suppose that is why you find science so difficult."

lock Holmes—Anyone who has read about the unperturbable Sherlock must feel that the detective had wonderful telepathic contacts with the villains he pursued, for Holmes managed in strange ways to know exactly what to expect of every opponent and precisely how to meet it. Conan Doyle's later life was largely devoted to a study of psychic phenomena, concerning which he wrote several books.

Cecil Rhodes, founder of the Oxford University Rhodes scholarships, is said to have carried on telepathic conversations with his friend Sir Lindsay Stairs Jameson when both were aiding the British colonization of Africa.

Prof. Gardiner Murphy of Columbia University reports the incident which brought him to give telepathy more than a passing glance: Two girls were to meet for dinner at a designated place. Girl One found that she would be unable to keep the appointment. She went to the telephone, dialed a number, and asked for her friend. After Girl One had explained her call, Girl Two said, "But how did you know where to call

me?" Girl One replied, "Why, I just called your apartment number—or did I? Now that I think of it, I believe I did dial another number!" "You certainly did," said Girl Two. "I am at a dentist's office. I have never been here before, and no one knew I intended to come!" In that case, the odds against the incident's being purely chance were several hundred thousand to one.

THEN there is one of Dr. Marston's own experiences: He had been working in Washington, D. C., with some of his students in telepathy and clairvoyance. (Telepathy is thought transference; clairvoyance is visualizing events which are happening.) A young man who was not a student, but frequently acted as a subject for the class, one day approached Dr. Marston and said, "It's all very well to play around with these lights and colors, but I don't feel that way much very much. I wish I could feel that there is something beyond or outside of our physical bodies. If I could feel that, then life would be worth living. If you're such a believer in its possibilities, why don't you



Cecil Rhodes—He used to try, carried out telepathic conversations with a friend in Africa.



See if you're psychic. Conan Doyle used to try to solve the what picture he had in mind for his friends.



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—once telepathy made Sir Oliver Lodge, founder of the Oxford University Rhodes scholarships, is said to have carried on telepathic conversations with his friend Sir Lindsay Stairs Jameson when both were aiding the British colonization of Africa.



Sir Oliver Lodge—because he couldn't explain telepathy, he changed from physics to a spiritualist.

"No," I corrected him, "just intuition."

SCIENCE may be inhuman, but scientists are not. Many psychologists have concerned themselves with the subject of telepathy. Some of them, perhaps, find it is a release from the cold hard facts of their everyday lives, or maybe they just dislike cases which go around unexplained.

One of the most notable figures in the study of telepathic phenomena was Sir Oliver Lodge, the brilliant physicist whose field was research in lightning, electrolysis, electromagnetic waves, and wireless telegraphy. Yet this matter of telepathy, because neither he nor anyone else could explain it, came to interest Lodge more than anything else. Sir William Crookes, an English chemist who invented a practical X-ray tube, made the first radiometer and experimented with electrical discharge, and it was through his work in this last field that he tried to explain mind reading, but he was never satisfied with his own theories.

Arthur Conan Doyle, a physician, is universally known as the creator of Sher-



An experiment with Dr. J. B. Rhine's cords in his laboratory at Duke University. This is one of the "telepathy" tests which the Rhines believe can be carried out without cost. The student reads the cords under the board, and says what symbol she thinks each bears. The man scores her hits.

take a clairvoyant look and tell me where to get a job? I'm a good engineer, and there must be a place for me—if only I knew where."

Dr. Marston accepted the man's challenge, thought awhile, and then said, "If you go down to the Basin, you'll see a man in a parked car. Go to this man and ask him for a job." The Doctor says he was surprised at his own words.

Still skeptical, the young man went to the Basin and found that a man sitting in a parked car was supervising a construction job nearby. He asked the man for a job. The foreman said, "Bring me your credentials and I'll see what I can do for you. We're going to do some work near the Lincoln Memorial starting next week, and I can use a man of your caliber, if what you say of yourself is true."

The young man ran all the way back to the laboratory to report the incident. His face was drained of color, and he was frightened almost speechless by what had happened to him.

"I was a bit frightened myself," Dr. Marston told me, "until I learned that clairvoyance is a pretty common experience."

Try as they might, however, none of these learned men could discover any physical mechanism for telepathy or clairvoyance. Not until Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University produced telepathy experimentally was it proved to the satisfaction of that hard taskmaster—science.

As Dr. Marston explained them, Dr. Rhine's experiments are very simple. Dr. Rhine prepared packs of cards, twenty-five to the pack. Each card is marked with one of five symbols—a circle, star, cross, rectangle, or wavy lines, inasmuch as there are five cards in each of the five suits in the deck, a person guessing the symbol on any given card should, on the strength of pure chance, be right one time out of five.

In Dr. Rhine's trials, one person would shuffle the pack and then look at the cards one at a time. Another person, separated from the shuffler by a screen, or seated in another room, would try to receive the impression from the sender's mind of what card symbol he was looking at. If the percipient (second person) were right more often than once out of five times, his success must be due to something besides chance. Actually most subjects were right so frequently that the odds were, more than a million to one that it was telepathy, not luck, which accounted for the correct responses. One subject went through the entire pack without making an error.

DR. RHINE didn't stop with proving that telepathy is a demonstrable occurrence. He proved also the occurrence of that still stranger phenomenon—clairvoyance. In one of his clairvoyance experiments, Dr. Rhine shuffled his pack of cards and, without looking at them, laid the pack on a table. The percipient in another room was told to look with his mind at the cards and record the order in which he perceived them to lie. Nobody in the world knew how the cards were actually arranged. Dr. Rhine found that most percipients who were good at telepathy were equally good at direct card reading, or clairvoyance. This led to the conclusion that no "super-radio mind waves" figure in the subject's ability in extra-sensory perception. Indeed, contrary to the physical behavior of radio waves, frequency of

correct perception increased as the distance between percipient and perceived increased.

No one, not even Dr. Rhine himself, could be more enthusiastic over the results of these experiments than is Dr. Marston. "It is possible," he said, "that every bit of matter sends out energy waves which we do not yet know about. Proof that we were wrong—as I have admitted—in those early experiments may be seen in Dr. Rhine's findings that clairvoyant and telepathic results were actually better at a distance than when the percipient was in the same room with the telepathic sender. So the conclusion seems to be that mental perception of things at a distance is not due to waves of energy sent out by things themselves or by the mind of a sender. If one room away seems pretty unimpressive, there have been similar experiments with the sender in New York and the



Dr. Williston Marshall Marston—his clairvoyance was so remarkable that it frightened not only him but also a man who got a job because of it

percipient in California. The success is equally great. And that is the reason we must give up the idea that our minds are radio broadcasting stations."

"Well, then," I puzzled, "what is the answer?"

Dr. Marston shrugged his shoulders. "There is an answer—but we don't know it yet. It looks now as though the mind possesses a real extra-sensory power of perception—that is, that the mind has a power of its own quite apart from our eyes, ears, nose, and other sense organs. It may go out into space wherever it chooses and perceive physical objects or the thoughts in other minds. It seems able, too, to bring back these facts which it perceives and communicate them to our physical brains in such a way that the brain forms pictures exactly like those which are registered in perception by the physical eye, ear, and so on."

"There is a great fraternity of people," he said, "who have had extra-sensory experiences. Nearly everybody has some amazing story to tell—a dream, a hunch, a 'feeling,' or a vision which gave them information which they couldn't possibly have known in the usual way."

THE case of W. K. illustrates what the Doctor calls a hunch. This young man had a business appointment with a Boston man at the latter's office. He went to Boston and was told that Mr. So-and-so had been called suddenly out of town. It was believed that he had gone to Chicago. He had, however, left a note of apology saying he would write and explain. It was tremendously important for W. K. to see the Boston man at once. Making up his mind to follow him to Chicago, W. K. called the North Station and made reservations. A few minutes later he found himself walking aimlessly down Summer Street. He felt impelled, for no particular reason, to go to the South Station. Arriving there, he felt an even stronger impulse to go to Washington, D. C. He didn't know why. But W. K. had had similar experiences before, so he let his impulse lead him. Arriving at the capital the next day, he went to a hotel where he had never before stayed, registered, and went into the grill for breakfast. The first person he saw was the Boston man who was supposed to be in Chicago. The Boston man revealed he had received a sudden call from his Washington lawyer about an income tax matter and, for personal reasons, he had wished to keep the whole matter secret.

"This sort of 'action impulse,'" Dr. Marston continued, "is by no means rare. I know of nineteen authenticated instances of it. But one must be very careful to distinguish a real impulse based upon some sort of extra-sensory faculty from a mere subconscious wish to go somewhere or do something. Many dreams, for example, are only that. I believe that dreams are the most complicated and unreliable of all forms of extra-sensory perception. Dreams may be suppressed wishes, fragments of the previous day's experience, or just plain indigestion."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE psychologist said that many persons, especially women, have sudden emotional feelings which seem to inform them of some pleasant or unpleasant thing which is about to happen to them. "I once took a girl canoeing," he explained. "She was perfectly happy and in her usual good spirits. Suddenly she burst into tears. She said that she felt terribly sad and lonely. Then she said that she felt certain that her father had just died. News of her father's death arrived by wire late that evening. Her father had died at just about the time she began to weep. His death was sudden, and the girl had not known that he was ill."

If Dr. Marston had his way, we would all be diary-keepers. He believes that anyone who has these emotional feelings, hunches, or strange impulses should run to his desk and make a note of the feeling, or other odd experience, in the diary. If nothing happens to correspond with it within a week or so, that fact should also be recorded. It is because people fail to remember when their hunches and feelings are not verified and remember only those which have spectacular denouements that false beliefs about miraculous experiences spring up. He suggests, also, that it might be interesting and profitable to make up a set of cards and try the Rhine telepathic and clairvoyant experiments, keeping a careful record of the number of cards you get right at each trial. If you've ever thought you were "psychic," these tests will be self-revealing.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

(Continued from page 3)

AN old friend, Mrs. Winifred S. Steffan, 3428 Euclid Heights Blvd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio, sends us the following, for which we are most grateful:

AFTER SHAKING HANDS

There is a world I call my own, and strangely it expands.
I've seen its population grow by merely shaking hands.
Whenever I am introduced to one unknown before,
There always follows in his trail at least a hundred more.
For once he lives as one I know, behind him comes a throng
Of loved ones, friends and enemies, who follow him along.

I find whenever I meet a man, though them I may not see,
I meet his wife and children small; I meet his family;
I meet his uncles and his aunts, his neighbors and his foes,
And shall we some way be concerned with all his joys and woes,
For all that touches him henceforth of high repute or low,
Must change my life a little, too, since he is one I know.

Suppose his boy should rise to fame, think you I'd not be glad
To read the tale of his success and boast, "I know his dad?"
If tragedy should come to him, would I not suffer, too,
To think to sad a time should fall upon a man I know?
Once having shaken hands with him, for pleasure or for pain,
Forever after I must share his every loss and gain.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

TWO readers, Mrs. Guy Harris, 3 Raymond Apts., Great Falls, Montana, and Mrs. Ralph M. Young, 5052 35th St., San Diego, California, send us the following, which we are glad to reprint:

PRAYER FOR A VERY NEW ANGEL

God, God, be lenient her first night there.
The crib she slept in was so near my bed;
Her blue and white wool blanket was so soft;
Her pillow hollowed so to fit her head.

Teach me that she'll not want small rooms or me
When she has You and heaven's immensity!

I always left a light out in the hall.
I hoped to make her fearless in the dark,
And yet—she was so small—one little light,
Not in the room, it scarcely mattered . . .
Hark!

No, no—she seldom cried! . . . God, it's too far
For her to see. This first night, light a star!

And, in the morning, when she first woke up,
I always kissed her on the left cheek where
The dimple was. And, oh, I wet the brush!
It made it easier to curl her hair!

Just . . . just tomorrow morning, God, I pray,
When she wakes up, do things for her my way!

—VIOLET ALLEEN STONEY

ODD JOBS

(Continued from page 11)

sure," Mr. McFadden agrees with all his eager clients—but he smiles when he says it.
Elbows is five feet six.

SAFETY VALVE

LET the average New Yorker elbow you into a corner to talk about his troubles, and it won't be long before he gets to muttering darkly about his need of Escape. To hear him tell it, his life is a perfect pinnacle of frustration. "My wife and I had words this morning," he will moan, "and the worst of it is, I've still got mine. She wouldn't give me a chance to use 'em." But now there is hope in the shape of the Speak-O-Phone.

This accommodating device permits the subject to confide what he has to say to a microphone, and presto!—his words are recorded for posterity (or anyway, a hundred playings) on a disc of aluminum alloy. To date, the flood of ladies and gents with souls, hearts, and talents to unburden has been something terrific; in fact, future paintings of Cupid may show that advance agent of favour to have discarded his bow and arrows for a Speak-O-Phone.

C. Arnold Austin, general manager, thinks highly of this, because he knows what the instrument can accomplish. "Only a few weeks ago," he said, "Eve Marden, one of our regular customers, came to our studio in the Wurlitzer Building to make her fortnightly 'letter' to her brother Harold, who is a chemist out in Portland, Oregon. Fate came with her in the amiable-haired, hazel-eyed person of Doris Engel, a stenographer from Jersey City.

"Now, when Miss Marden had finished her letter, she saw there was some space left on the record, so she asked her chum to slip in a postscript. I don't remember just what Miss Engel recorded, but it sounded nice and friendly. What happened? Harold Marden played the record away out in Portland, and Miss Engel's voice did things to him. So he went to our studio out there and sent her a reply. First thing you know, Miss Engel is back at our place to answer him, and up sprang a transcontinental love affair. Finally Mr. Marden flew here to marry Miss Engel, and now they're making their home in Oregon. This example of the machine age helping out romance gave a thrill to me and to Miss Rhodes, who looks after our Wurlitzer Building studio, because, you see, all of our customers aren't like Miss Engel."

To check up on this, I sauntered over to see Constance Rhodes and found her entertaining a fat lady who was warbling a dirty while an accompanist tinkled on the piano. Because most customers demand—and receive—privacy, I waited outside, but I could hear the playback, and the fat lady's flight of song was pretty terrible. Nevertheless, she departed smiling with delight. Then Miss Rhodes told me something of their clientele.

"WOMEN are much less bashful than men," she said. "They never dream of apologizing for wanting to record their voice, as so many men do. Why, one woman even dictated what turned out to be a suicide note, but it was phrased so cryptically that we never suspected. Then she went home and turned on the gas and placed the record

beside her. When the police came, they discovered that it accounted for the poor soul's action and that it gave directions about burial.

"Sometimes a Spaniard comes in to make a crackling, red-hot speech which is war propaganda for one side or the other. I suppose the record is mailed to Spain for use there. The Chinese are fond of making fiery talks in their native tongue for one side of the record, and using the other for the English translation. Mothers deliver lectures to their sons, and one man made a long detailed statement telling his daughter the combination of his safe, just how to open it, and what to do with the contents.

"A middle-aged client had a dreadful time making a proposal of marriage with our recordings. The object of his affections also was middle-aged, he told me, and rather expected some sort of offer, but he was too bashful to do an imposing job of it in person. He made several false starts at dictating and spoiled a few records because he found it impossible to say 'I love you' with the proper fervor. 'Why can't I say it the way they do in the movies?' he complained. 'Those guys don't mean it, yet they sound so convincing. Here I am, in dead earnest and can't make it sound genuine at all.' I felt sorry for him, so to help him get in the mood, I played 'Liebestraum' on the piano, and that did the trick. He liked it so well that he had me keep playing softly while he made a successful record. And the girl said yes."

Old trompers entertain Miss Rhodes with lofty trills of Shakespeare, complete with gestures. Teachers bring their dramatic or music pupils in once a year, so that they can keep track of their improvement. Little groups of friends sometimes engage the studio for an entire afternoon, serve coffee, and have a grand time specifying, doing close harmony, and cracking jokes. Occasionally a starchy-voiced man will make a record intended for use in testing the stenographic classes in a business college.

A WELL dressed, though furtive, gent once intrigued Miss Rhodes by de-



William Powell—he accompanied his college roommate to listen to him exhale a message to dear old Aimee Maury

An Invitation



To Mothers and Fathers

Send a Dollar
To Fight Infantile Paralysis



Over every home in America a grim shadow is cast... the shadow of that dread disease that twists and cripples the bodies of children. Every mother and father is asking the question, "How can I help fight Infantile Paralysis?... how can I protect and preserve my home from this deadly ravager?"

President Roosevelt answered that question by founding the new national Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and saying:

"The purpose of the new Foundation is to lead, direct and unify the fight... to ensure that every research agency is adequately financed... to eliminate improper care and needless after-effect... to disseminate knowledge to the practicing physician who is the front line fighter of the sickness."

How will you answer this great nationwide appeal? What will be your response to countless thousands of children who cry out: "Please help protect me from Infantile Paralysis?" Certainly your reply will be swift—sure.

THEY know you will send in one dollar... five... ten... whatever you can afford... to help found the great new national Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Please "do your bit."

Write your check or money order with your heart as well as your pen. Send in what you can today.

COMMITTEE
FOR THE CELEBRATION OF
THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY

Send cash or note checks payable to

KEITH MORGAN, Chairman

50 EAST 42nd STREET NEW YORK

ODD JOBS

(Continued from page 17)

livering a series of totally unrelated sentences. Now, having mulled it over, she thinks he may have been a racketeer using a chde. Miss Rhodes also listens to poets with the utmost equanimity, having herself dallied with the muse. And Miss Rhodes will sing any songs which composers wish to record to send to some hard-boiled publisher. She has even read a love letter for a young woman who was too nervous to trust herself, "Just rattle it off," said the nervous damsel. "He'll never know the difference."

Scores of people make records of their talents, and send them off to Hollywood, hoping that the miracle will happen. If it doesn't, at least they save the carfare. Spoofing is also indulged in by clients. One chery gentleman delivered a shower of mildly insulting remarks in the manner of a radio announcer. The record, he told Miss Rhodes, was to be used at a banquet where the guest of honor would be astounded to hear himself ribbed over the air waves. The record was to be slipped into a combination phonograph and radio.

Elderly people nearing the last bend in their stream of life like to make records commencing, "I want to leave you this memory of me..." or the like, and Miss Rhodes thinks these folks seem the most genuine of all. She finds that most people are disappointed with the timbre of their voices, but they accept the results with good grace. But that's not so in the case of singers and musicians. They often get highly temperamental when the banal reality of a recording reveals them as several miles removed from Kreisler or Lily Pons. With true artistic swank, they refuse to believe that the fault lies in their tonalities or pretty white hands. "I blow in mighty, mighty sweet," said a saxophonist, "so how can I be blamed if it comes out so gosh darned sour!"

THIS conceit reminded me of Mazza Lane, so I dropped around to the Speak-O-Phone office on the Great White Way—at 1575 Broadway—and asked John A. Slack, the manager there, about his particular public.

"We get droves of visitors here," chuckled Mr. Slack. "They're all saturated with the lights, the crowds, and the noise, and they can hardly wait to get to that mike to tell the world about it. 'Hello, Minnie,' they holler. 'I'm on Broadway, and only two blocks down I bumped into Grace Allen, or at least a fellow said it was, and Minnie, it's wonderful! For supper I went to a night club all full of dames, and I forget what I ate, but I feel swell. It's after midnight, Minnie, and these New Yorkers never go to bed. That's little old Broadway for you, Minnie. Whoopee!' And generally," said Mr. Slack, "you remember to add, 'But I still love you.'"

"Short cuts to Major Bowes are popular with quartets from the South and South-west. They'll pour out that 'dawn hum' music until they're limp, and then send the record to the Major in place of waiting to make an audition in person. They often land a job that way, too. And you'd be surprised to know what some people think is good. Even a trained goose named Sylvia, which

was playing a hit in a Broadway show, was brought in here by its fond par—I mean, owners—who asked me to interview their marvel. So I put Sylvia on the piano stool, turned a spotlight on her, and asked her questions—like this... "Mr. Slack played two of Sylvia's records for me. They turned out to be a weird series of honks and squawks. Mr. Slack must be a patient man."

There is a delicatessen operator who makes a monthly recording which he uses to entice customers into his store. Sometimes toastmasters will try out their favorite *bou notu*. A beetle-browed client, looking as if he had a great deal on his mind, once requested the Speak-O-Phone attendant to withdraw from the studio and leave him entirely alone. While this is done in cases where extra tender messages are suspected to be in the making, this scowling man's request was denied. "Okay," said he, "then get a load of this!" Turning to the mike, he went into a program of fancy, multi-syllable swearing. "How'm I don', Eddie, old boy?" he shouted after a while. "Not bad, huh? Well, from here on I get purple, like this..." Mr. Slack reports the gent was an artist in his line, so no doubt Eddie, the addressee, was vastly entertained.

S. S. VAN DINE, the mystery scrivener, used Speak-O-Phone to record his good wishes to be read at an anniversary celebration at California's St. Vincent's College, his alma mater. With Mr. Van Dine was William Powell, the celluloid cavalier. Powell was Mr. Van Dine's roommate of college days and has since been, aptly enough, the Philo Vance of several movie versions of Van Dine's stories. "Lord Desmond," the carefree confidence man who made a career of swindling wealthy and witless women until he checked into a room at Sing Sing, was a steady patron. The "Lord" fooled high society for years, but Mr. Slack had him spotted for a phony from the very first. The gray heartbreaker apparently needed escape from his Park Avenue surroundings, and found it by tossing off baroque speeches and snappy limericks. He usually came in accompanied by the sort of charmer whose wealthy dowagers would have sniffed at as less than the dust.

The Broadway branch of Speak-O-Phone includes a Photomaton—"Take Your Own Picture"—and a recent visitor was Anatole Josepho, its inventor, who ten years ago received a million dollars outright for it from a syndicate headed by the late Henry Morgenthau, and which included the present Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Mrs. Josepho, accompanying her husband, jessed up her husband's brain child for the Speak-O-Phone. She made an affectionate recording to be sent to their children out in California. She sang their favorite lullaby and asked them to play it every evening so that the baby could go to sleep hearing his mother's voice.

"I'd say that most people like to show off a little," said Mr. Slack, "and it's curious to see how they behave. Some get mike fright and have to take a stroll around the block to calm down. Others will rehearse very carefully, prance to the mike with the greatest assurance, and then blow up during the actual recording. School and college valedictorians will go through tortures of em-

(Please turn to page 21)

MIDWINTER SPIRIT LIFTERS

ARE you in the mental state which makes it seem perfect years until spring? Do you think you never looked so unattractive? In fact, is the world in general a rather dull and unsatisfying place to be in?

If your answers to those questions are yes, then you decidedly need a good remedy—something new to wear. Perhaps it's a new hat, which does wonders for drooping spirits, but more probably it's a new frock, because you can wear it and revel in it during many hours when the hat will be reposing on a shelf.

TAILORED AND TRIM—For a bad case of midwinter blues, try either one of the frocks on this page—or better still, try both of them. I predict that you'll feel complete relief as soon as you wear them. First of all, there is the simple sports type of frock, tailored to a T. It is **FAMILY CIRCLE Pattern 1471**, and comes in sizes 14 to 44. The frock is made with a six-gored skirt which joins the blouse under a belt. The blouse buttons down the front, and has a deep pointed collar and two patch pockets placed high on the chest in the new manner. The sleeves may be

No. 1471
(Costs only 15c in
coin or stamps)



No. 1484
(Costs only
15c in coin
or stamps)



either long or short. For wear now, it would be charming in jersey, preferably black, though deep green, wine, or rust would be equally effective under a coat. Or you might like it better in a silk print with a dark background and a rather small, lively scattered design.

FOR A YOUTHFUL AIR—For afternoons at bridge or the matinee—or just for afternoons at home—I can recommend a gay young frock which will lift you from the doldrums in no time. It is **FAMILY CIRCLE Pattern 1484**, made in sizes 12 to 20. Its long princess lines give you that snugly fitted middle which the clothes this year practically demand. To emphasize this fashion, you may add three rows of ribbon with little bows in front to match the bow at the neckline. The front panel of the skirt is cut in one with the blouse, and the rest of the skirt joins the blouse at a raised waistline. Buttons may decorate the front to add to the length of line. Notice that the sleeves may be

bracelet length and plain, or they may have a bit of fullness in them and may be worn with contrasting cuffs and a pointed collar. The contrast of clear white on black or navy blue looks refreshing at this time of year, and I especially recommend it on a dress of heavy crepe. You might make the collar of linen or of double organdy, and edge it with lace. Or make it of waffle pique and keep it crisply tailored.

THE MATERIAL SIDE—Speaking of fabrics, the new ones are just beginning to come in, and they are delectable. Lots of the prints are on pure-silk, soft and lovely. The designs are unusual—stripes made of little clusters of flowers or of ribbons and scrolls. Flowers often have a scattering of leaves and petals around them. In woolsens and rayons, you'll find charming versions of hop sacking weaves, some plain and others with nubs in them. In general, the weaves are smoother than last year, however, and softer to the touch. There are ever so many linens, plain and printed, and in all weights. And the linen weaves in rayons, cottons, and woolsens go on as importantly as ever. In the cotton family, you'll find lots of pique, much of it waffle weave, and many gay shirtings and plain cottons with lively prints on them.

As for color, if you are wise you will cling to navy blue and black for basic things, but the navy will have a slightly purplish cast this year. Then add variety with such shades as lime yellow, mustard, tomato rust, light blue, violet, or fuchsia. In sports wear, natural is important and promises to rival white. Gray is another good neutral for you to work on with bright accessories. And you'll love all the dull muted shades which are in the prints—greens, blues, rusts, wines, and yellows.

Peggy Randolph

FAMILY CIRCLE PATTERNS

Pattern Number _____ Size _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Send this coupon, with 15c in coin or stamps, to the address given below.

PEGGY RANDOLPH
THE FAMILY CIRCLE PATTERN SERVICE
Dept. X, Boston Post Road
Greenwich, Connecticut



The producers say it's an epic—and by gosh, it is! Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, and Bob Burns (as a shotgun-replacing his barstool) are all set for trouble in "Wells Fargo."

"TOVARICH"

Produced by Warner Brothers
Directed by Anatole Litvak

CAST—Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, Anita Louise, Melville Cooper, Isabel Jeans, Morris Carnovsky, Maurice Murphy, Fritz Feld, May Boley, Carl Boia.

SITUATION—Claudette Colbert, exiled Russian grand duchess, and her titled bushand Charles Boyer have found refuge in Paris. They are destitute, although Boyer has at his command, in the Bank of France, forty billion francs which the Czar had entrusted to his care should the Czar escape from Russia after the revolution. Various factions are after the money, but Boyer refuses to yield a centime. Nor will he touch the money for his own use, although he and Claudette are near starvation. They get jobs as butler and housemaid, respectively, in the home of a Parisian banker, Melville Cooper, and his wife, Isabel Jeans. The son of the house, Maurice Murphy, promptly falls in love with Claudette, and the daughter, Anita Louise, with Charles. Then Basil Rathbone, a Soviet commissar, whom Claudette and Charles have reason to hate, comes to the house for dinner. He asks for the forty billion francs in the name of Russia. . . .

COMMENT—This picture has been a storm center ever since production started on it. In a recent complaint against Warner Brothers, the producers, Kay Francis attested that she was promised the role which Claudette Colbert plays. Because she didn't get it, she contended that there was reason for breaking her contract with the studio. Then there were rumors that Miss Colbert was not at all satisfied with the selection of Charles Boyer to play the part of her consort. And during production, word seeped out that Director Litvak was shooting so much film that the studio was going to curtail his film allowance.

As a result of all this controversy, everyone in any way connected with the picture business awaited the showing of the picture with much curiosity. The preview was announced; they went, they saw, and they were conquered—to paraphrase a certain Mr.

J. Caesar. "Tovarich" is definitely one of the prime pictures of the year. It has everything—including a weak opening sequence, which, strangely enough, only serves to lighten the whole loaf. And we critics should be thankful that we were spared perfection, for how could we otherwise indulge in criticism? Anent that opening sequence, I can't believe that supposedly educated members of a former aristocracy wouldn't know what July 14 means to Frenchmen. And I can't believe that Frenchmen wouldn't know what it signifies. After all, the fall of the Bastille was a mighty important event in French history.

Screenwriter Casey Robinson has followed closely (except for the added opening sequence) the Jacques Deval play which was a smash hit on Broadway with John Halliday and Marta Albea in the leading roles.

From the moment Miss Colbert and Boyer get into the home of Melville Cooper and Isabel Jeans, the fun really begins. The writing is clever and brilliant, and, on the whole, so is the acting. Miss Colbert and Boyer play their parts right up to the hilt, and

SOME CREAM— SOME MILK

keeping pace with them are Melville Cooper, Isabel Jeans, Anita Louise, Maurice Murphy, and May Boley. Miss Boley's characterization of the cook is a standout.

The laughs follow so fast upon one another that it's hard for me to single out any one situation as being better than another. However, the incidents and lines having to do with Boyer's "rhumatism" gave me a lot of enjoyment. Listen for his last line on the subject.

I feel that it's only just to give to that admirable actor, Basil Rathbone, a paragraph to himself. He does not appear in the picture until the last sequence, but in what footage remains he is easily—so very easily—the outstanding performer. The man actually can act with his eyes, conveying volumes of meaning without moving a muscle of his face.

OPINION—The film may not be the great hit that the play was on Broadway, but it seems to me to have enough comedy and human interest to please a large majority of moviegoers.

"HITTING A NEW HIGH"

Produced by RKO
Directed by Raoul Walsh

CAST—Lily Pons, Jack Oakie, John Howard, Eric Blore, Edward Everett Horton, Eduardo Cancellari, Luis Alberni.

SITUATION—Lily Pons, songstress with John Howard's orchestra, wants to sing in grand opera. She convives with press agent Jack Oakie to bring her to the attention of opera backer Edward Everett Horton while Horton and Oakie are big game hunting in Africa. She is "discovered" as a Bird Girl, living in the trees. Horton brings her to America, and complications ensue. . . .

COMMENT—Lily Pons' singing and Lily

Pons' figure are the highlights of this picture. The idea is farfetched, and the development is somewhat on the fantastic side. (My guess is that somebody became too enamored of Hudson's novel, "Green Mansions." There is a slight, yet noticeable, relationship, stemming far back.)

Despite objections from operatic bigwigs, Miss Pons displays her figure extensively. But the bigwigs certainly can find no fault with her singing, particularly of operatic arias.

OPINION—We bow to Miss Pons and her lovely voice, but we believe that you may find the film, as a whole, wanting.

"WELLS FARGO"

Produced by Paramount
Directed by Frank Lloyd

CAST—Joel McCrea, Bob Burns, Frances Dee, Lloyd Nolan, Henry O'Neill, Mary Nash, Ralph Morgan, John Mack Brown, Porter Hall, Clarence Kolb, Robert Cummings, Frank Conroy, Bernard Siegel, Frank McElhym.

SITUATION—While a messenger for the express firm of Wells Fargo in the East, Joel McCrea meets Frances Dee, a St. Louis belle. The firm later brings its service to St. Louis, and Joel is put in charge of the office there. He and Frances fall in love. After gold is found in California in 1849, Joel is sent there to extend the service. Frances follows him, and they are married. Then begins the real growth of Wells Fargo, with Joel actively pushing the firm ahead—but at the expense of his domestic tranquility. The Civil War breaks out, and Frances' brother, a Confederate, is killed, and her mother, Mary Nash, turns Frances against Joel, who is helping out the North. Then Joel leads a gold train toward Washington. They are met by Confederates in the charge of John Mack Brown, a former suitor of Frances. He has a letter in her handwriting, which reveals the route of the gold train. Brown is killed, and Joel finds the letter. When Joel, bitter, returns home, he finds Frances has gone back to St. Louis with her mother. . . .

COMMENT—Frank ("Matinee on the Bounty") Lloyd, that lover of epic subjects, now turns his attention to the development of transportation. His fine Welsh hand having slipped a bit in the making of his last picture, "Maid of Salem," he has, it would seem, taken pains to see that his touch was staidier in the making of "Wells Fargo." The oddities of story construction which we called to your attention in "Maid of Salem" are noticeable by their absence in "Wells Fargo." This is as tightly knit a story as the subject will allow. Notwithstanding, the picture, in part, is episodic, for there was a lot of time and ground to cover.

But don't be discouraged if you find the episodic part of the film a trifle disconnected, for immediately following it, some smashing drama is banded out—drama that makes your spine tingle. Director Lloyd has managed to put more real dramatic punch into the scene of the Overland Express stage pulling into a way station than can be found in a year's output of film melodrama. One short scene of a pony express rider changing horses makes you want to cheer (and the preview audience did). The New Year's celebration in San Francisco, during which there is news of another gold strike, is a highly effective scene.

We have long been partial to Miss Dee's

beauty. After seeing "Wells Fargo," we are still partial. As yet, however, no camera has managed to make her as lovely to look at as she is in real life. Mr. McCrea is a very lucky man to have her as his wife—in real life as well as in this film.

Bazookaless Bob Burns has another of his rambling monologue characterizations, this time as a frontiersman who dislikes work. His role is made more effective by the presence of Bernard Siegel in the role of an Indian who does all of Bob's work for him and whose conversation is limited to grunts.

All the principals are good, and the supporting cast is well chosen. John Mack Brown, with his best part in a long time, makes the most of his opportunity. And Hollywood is not likely to forget Johnny for a while. In two Rose Bowl football games, while playing for Alabama, Johnny stole the show. And since then, he has become one of the best liked men in Hollywood. I, for one, am happy to see him in a major production again.

OPINION—Should see.

"THANK YOU, MR. MOTO"

Produced by 20th Century-Fox
Directed by Norman Foster

CAST—Peter Lorre, Thomas Beck, Pauline Frederick, Jayne Regan, Sidney Blackmer, Sig Ruman, John Carradine, Nedda Harrigan, Philip Ahn.

SITUATION—Peter Lorre, as Mr. Moto again, prevents the desecration of a revered tomb, but at the cost of several lives.

COMMENT—This is the third of the Mr. Moto series and it's a decided improvement over the second one, which was a phooey. In this film, Mr. Moto follows a code of morals which might not meet with the approval of many persons. He kills with ease and equanimity, throwing in a toothsome quasi-Oriental smile on each occasion. The cast is a good one, with Pauline Frederick returning to the screen in the role of a Chinese dowager. But villain Sidney Blackmer, competing with Peter Lorre for notches on his gun, finishes her off neatly before the picture ends.

OPINION—It's on the bloodthirsty side, but it's all right—if you like that sort of thing



Basil Rathbone has just set a world's record for citizenship. He, a Soviet commissioner, has persuaded two Russians, who are still intensely loyal to the dead Czar, to give their last forty billion roubles to the government which overthrew him and ran them out of their country. With the courtesy of titled housewife Claudeette Colbert, titled huffer Charles Foyler is about to write the check.



Edward Everett Horton is posturingly telling the radio audience how he discovered Lily Pass, the Bird Girl with the glorious voice, in Africa. Press agent Jack Oakie is not impressed—because he and Lily arranged the "discovery" as a stunt to help her crash the opera company financed by Horton.

ODD JOBS

(Continued from page 18)

barrassment for the sake of self-analysis, and when I notice anyone beginning to slow down, and hem and haw, I point to a sign which reads, 'Records are permanent and unbreakable.' With a warning like that, they try all the harder to be a wow. But one thing fools everybody, and that's the speed of their speech. People will write steadily for ten minutes, and then be amazed to find they can say it all in forty-five seconds.

"BARKERS try out fresh lines of chat-ter in here, and those rubber-tipped boys could talk forever. They listen to the playback as if it were a sermon and estimate the value of what they call the key words—the ones which pull the suckers into the test. I think it's only fair to point out that large numbers of travelling salesmen send messages back to their wives, and you can tell by their facial expressions while they're speaking that they mean what they're saying. Cuties like to coo sentimental mush into the mike for no other reason than to see if it sounds plausible. I think the girls are realizing that a front isn't so irresistible if you haven't the voice to go with it. The voice lasts longer."

The police departments of New York City and Washington, D. C., have used Speak-O-Phone records to embalm confessions in aluminum. Recently Speak-O-Phone records were used as evidence in an arson trial at White Plains, New York. The firebug gang carefully made arrangements to burn a house in Yonkers, but they didn't know that a hidden mike and recording instrument were picking up their words.

Mr. Slack has one particular record on hand which may be the clue to a happy ending. Some months ago a girl ran away from her New Jersey home, and it was believed that she had come to New York to be a dance hall hostess. Her sister came up to New York one week end to search for her and was attracted to the Photomaton sign because she remembered the missing girl liked to be photographed. But Mr. Slack's files revealed no photos of the girl. If she is in New York, however, the chances are good that she will drop in sooner or later. And when she does, Mr. Slack, comparing her face with a photo left by her sister, will induce the runaway to listen to the Speak-O-Phone recording of her sister's plea for a speedy homecoming.

While Speak-O-Phone is a fairly new departure, there already are offices in principal cities, and others are being established every month or so. Hundreds of persons conduct vocal correspondence, which is easier and much more real than taking pen in hand. If you have something short and snappy to impart, you can make a six-inch record, with one and a half minutes of recording on each side, for seventy-five cents. If you must get lengthily lyrical or verbose, you can go as high as a sixteen inch, fifteen minutes on each side, for six dollars. Verily, talk is cheap, but beware, you susceptible lads and lassies, before you commit yourselves. It costs about a cent for space enough on the record to whisper, "I lu-lu-ve you!" But not all your pirty or wit can change a single syllable of it. It is literally on the record—not only for the erst-while loved one, but also for the judge and jury!

SIX SHAPES OF TOMORROW

(Continued from page 9)

ful, he'll be in the junk heap before long. The boys and girls will start writing uncomplimentary things about him, they'll dig up scandal, and then the Hays office will ban him. Where would be without me to fix things up for him? This little romance will save the day for him—for a while anyway. I made both Walton and Phyllis swear not to say a word to anybody about it being a hoax until I said okay. One word about that and it'd be curtains for Brooks as far as publicity goes—and without that, he'll be a goner.

"POOR Tony Ashland! Won't he have a surprise when he gets back! I never expected Phyllis to fall for Brooks. Looks as if she's gone overboard for him. I thought she was one girl who could see through Brooks' synthetic romanticism. She looks the type, anyway.

Tony didn't seem to mind when we told him about the fake romance between Phyllis and Brooks. He even said it'd do her a lot of good—that it'd be all right until he got back from Europe. He'd written everything he had into her part for this picture. She has the best lines in the script, and she's a cinch for stardom now—thanks to Tony's writing and my press-agenting. But what a sock on the chin Tony's taking for it!

"Brooks came into my office today and told me to get ready for a big story—that he'd have the climax to this romance ready for the press tomorrow morning. Evidently he has the situation well in hand. I wonder if it means that he's going to marry her? ... I doubt it. Probably I'll just have to give out the old gag about how love grew from a hoax. The boys and girls downtown won't like it when they find out that the whole thing was a fake, but they'll be willing to run the story about the blossoming of true love. It's always a sure-fire yarn. But—'true love'! That's a laugh. That Brooks geezunk can't love anybody but himself!

"I'm not to blame for Tony Ashland's busted romance. How can he hold me responsible? How was I to know it'd work out this way? Tony took his own chance. He agreed to it. If I were in his place, I'd say it's good romance. I wouldn't have believed he'd fall for Brooks, if Brooks hadn't been looking so darned pleased with himself lately. He seems mighty sure of his charm. I wonder if I'll ever get over having illusions about dames in this racket? They're all alike. They're out for what they can get.

"Well, I've got the machinery set for a big story tomorrow, like Brooks said. I'll be either that they've become sweethearts or that there's going to be a wedding. Wedding bells would be a better story. I hope that's it. But poor old Tony! Aw rats! It's not my funeral, I'm a press agent. A story tomorrow. ..."

THE PRODUCER

"R stand a million dollars! And they're mine—mine and the stockholders', I mean. Walton Brooks and Phyllis Dabney. That's a comer. I'll give her the best parts on the lot after this picture. Brooks is good for several years yet—a fine piece of merchandise, that boy. No trouble selling him. He can't act, but who cares? He's good to look at and he's got that certain *coumph*! The females go daffy over him on the screen.

"Walton and Phyllis—what romancers! A fake romance that's worth a million. But it's no fake now, I've got a hunch Walton stopped me on the lot today and said if I didn't co-star Phyllis with him in his next picture, he'll jump his contract. Well, who am I to argue? He's playing right into my

hands. As a team they're worth a lot more after all this publicity. I'll have to remember to give Walt Brooks a raise tomorrow. Twenty-five a week. No, fifteen. He might get the idea that he's good. And he is, but he shouldn't know it.

"A star doesn't demand equal billing for a girl unless he's gone on her. And Brooks, hinted at a big surprise, too. I seem to sniff a wedding. That would be a break for me and the stockholders. But that doesn't sound like Brooks. Anyway, I guess his prolixity—and co-stardom—have captured Phyllis's heart.

"She's sold out Tony Ashland. He'll simply be sick about it. He was really in love with her—that little dummy of a girl. Brooks won't do her any good in the long run. He

WESTERN STUFF

A Scenario

Go saddle up your ponies, boys,
And bring your guns along,
Round up a gang of bandits who
Can really sing a song

And get that old harmonica
And the fiddle that's out of tune—
We're going to shoot a Western now
And we gotta be startin' soon

We'll need a stretch of dusty road,
One stream, and one big hill
To chase the hero up and down.
He'll take an awful spill!

And to get that touch of sweet romance,
Almost any girl will do—
'Cause the only thing worth lookin' at
Is that handsome buckaroo!

We'll knock him out and tie him fast
In an old deserted shack.
(He needn't let that worry him,
For his horse will bring him back!)

Before the sheriff can arrive,
He'll have just time enough
To save our Sal from the bandit gang
On top of yonder bluff.

With nothin' left but an empty gun
(This scene will make you shiver!)
He'll kill those badmen one by one—
And throw 'em in the river.

One final clinch in a close-up shot,
And then we'll call it a day—
And meander back to the old bunkhouse.

With a ki-yi-ibby-ay!

—J. WHITTAKER

doesn't think of anybody but himself. But, while it lasts, it'll be a break for me and the stockholders. Why should I complain? What can I do? I'm not her father. But if I were, I'd tell her a thing or three.

"I'll try to fix it with Tony. I'll make him a director. He's been wanting to direct for a long time, and so long as he's got an iron-clad contract, I can't throw him out to keep him from making trouble. Besides, he's too good to throw out. Sam Tender doesn't want to direct Brooks any more. I'll move another director to the Brooks pictures and give Sam a unit of his own. Tony can take over the vacant spot. That ought to settle it. That'll make Tony forget his broken heart. Broken heart—phooey! A raise in salary and a better job is a fine cure for a busted romance. I'll make arrangements tomorrow. ..."

THE STAR

"MY night of triumph! My best picture. And—I don't think I'm being too hasty—my best girl with me. Can't we ever get away from these blasted autograph hounds and into the theatre and out again? To have Phyllis alone with me. ... I can almost feel her in my arms now! When there, Walton Brooks, keep your hand steady with that pen!

"Phyllis looks positively radiant. She must be anticipating, too. She looks happier than she's looked since Ashland went to Europe. I've worked hard to take her mind off him. What did he have to offer her anyway? Little or nothing—a writer? They come a dime a dozen. She'll be a lot happier with me. I can do a lot for her. And even if I do say so myself, I'm quite a catch. After all, I'm Walton Brooks, one of the leading stars of the screen and Ashland? I'm laughing!"

"It's been a struggle, though. After Ashland went away, and Phyllis and I started going out together, she certainly was glum. She must have liked him pretty well, though. When I'd take her out to a night spot and she'd sit there thinking about that fellow—that made me pretty sore. I'd make anybody sore. So I just turned on the heat. I didn't really want anything but a little romance, but then, the first thing I knew, I was in love."

"Love? Yes, I guess that's what it is. I've certainly never felt this way about anybody else. I was never honestly in love with Alice Berryman. I couldn't help it if she went for me in a big way. She didn't have to take things so hard. ... Oh, I gave her some encouragement, but I didn't expect her to go the whole hog.

"NOW this is different. I've had to work hard to put this over. Phyllis has been happy all week. She was happy that night after I'd sent her nearly a van load of flowers. She sparkled that evening. Of course, the flowers alone didn't do it. The things I'd been saying to her before that softened her up a bit. Then when the flowers arrived—*ow!* She's been happy ever since. And that was last week. Well, tonight I'll climax the whole thing. Tomorrow the papers will get a break. And believe me, it *will* be a story when they're told that Walton Brooks is getting married! I can see the headlines now—**GREAT STAR OF SCREEN TO MARRY!**

"Of course, I'll have to tell Mother. There'll be fireworks. But I'll be firm. After Phyllis and I settle it tonight, I'll push the wedding right through—after I get the publicity it's worth.

"Tomorrow everybody will know of it. Tomorrow. ..."

WALTON BROOKS and Phyllis Dabney advanced arm in arm up the forecourt, toward the entrance. Flashlight bulbs popped, greetings were flung, and they smiled to right and left—like royalty. They smiled at each other—like lovers.

Phyllis Dabney's right hand was fingering a long thin gold chain around her neck. All her thoughts were centered on that chain and on what hung suspended from it—hidden from view beneath the front of her gown—centered on the plain platinum band which Tony Ashland had slipped on the third finger of her left hand the night before he left for Europe. She could still hear the Mexican officio saying in accented English, "I now pronounce you man and wife!"

TOMORROW Tony would sail for home. Last week he had cabled his date of sailing. She'd been happy ever since she received the cable. She wondered if anybody had noticed her happiness. ...

... and it's even more
important in cooking!



● Everyone loves a generously buttered slice of bread (even those who are watching their diets have to admit that it tastes good!). So think what it means to have that grand butter flavor in your cooking. Fisher's Golden Roll gives it to you—flavor that stays fresh and sweet when the butter is melted . . . flavor that makes all food taste better. Try the most popular butter in Cleveland!

Fisher's
GOLDEN ROLL BUTTER



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY ROBERT PILGRIM



HINTS FROM GRANDMA'S COOK BOOK--

TO KEEP FLIES OFF GILT FRAMES, BOIL TWO OR THREE ONIONS IN A PINT OF WATER AND APPLY.

WASH OIL PAINTINGS IN SWEET MILK OR WARM BEER AND DRY WELL. FRECKLES--SOAK GRATED HORSE-RADISH IN BUTTERMILK, STRAIN, AND APPLY MORNING AND NIGHT.

WASH THE HAIR IN COLD SAGE TEA. TO CATCH WILD DUCKS OR GEESSE ALIVE, SCATTER WHERE THEY FEED, WHEAT SOAKED IN ALCOHOL AND TAKE THEM WHILE THEY ARE DRUNK. RUB CORN MEAL INTO FURS TO CLEAN THEM.

(QUOTED FROM "PRACTICAL HOUSE-KEEPING," PUBLISHED 1881)

FROM THE "PRACTICAL HOUSE-KEEPING" BOOK, PUBLISHED 1881.

FROM THE "PRACTICAL HOUSE-KEEPING" BOOK, PUBLISHED 1881.



J.E. FELTON, SR. OF RAMER, ALA. DISLIKES FOOD THAT ISN'T HOTLY SEASONED--SO HE CARRIES A BOTTLE OF PEPPER SAUCE IN HIS POCKET WHEREVER HE GOES!

FROM THE "PRACTICAL HOUSE-KEEPING" BOOK, PUBLISHED 1881.



TRAILER RESTAURANT--SHAPED LIKE AN EAR OF CORN. THIS COMMERCIALLY BUILT TRAVELING RESTAURANT SEATS TEN PEOPLE.

"SMELLERDRAMA"

One day I smelled some smelt and of all the smelt I ever smelled I never smelled smelt like that smelt smelt!

TRULY A FACT!

SAYS MRS. RUTH R. MINNELL
2508 AL 45 RD SE,
SEATTLE, WASH.



THIS BOARD IS AGAIN THE BIG APPLE!

AHE!



YOU CAN'T BRING TEACHER A BIG RED APPLE ANY MORE IN SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH! "IN THE INTEREST OF DEMOCRACY," THE BOARD OF EDUCATION RECENTLY BARRED ALL GIFTS TO PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS EXCEPT AT THE TIME OF RETIREMENT.

THE "LONG DRINK VINE" OF THE SOCIETY ISLANDS, A STOUT TREE-CLIMBER, WHEN CUT THROUGH YIELDS SUFFICIENT WATERY SAP TO ASSUAGE THIRST!

FROM THE "PRACTICAL HOUSE-KEEPING" BOOK, PUBLISHED 1881.

POP EATS CHILI

SILLY SIGN IN PASO ROBLES, CALIFORNIA

FROM THE "PRACTICAL HOUSE-KEEPING" BOOK, PUBLISHED 1881.

UNUSUAL facts about food and home-making are printed each issue in this department. Each issue a first prize of \$10, a second prize of \$5, and several \$1 prizes are awarded. Checks are mailed to winners in advance of the issue date. When two or more identical ideas are received, the first one sent will be awarded a prize if any is used. Therefore, please date your entry. Every idea should be accompanied by mention of the source from which you learned it. No ideas or photographs can be returned. No entry is printed sooner than eight weeks after it reaches us, because of the time required for illustration and for printing and distributing the magazine. The contest is continuous. Be sure to address Food for Thought Editor, THE FAMILY CIRCLE, 400 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.



BECAUSE METAL CUTLERY WOULD STICK TO THEIR LIPS IN SUB-ZERO WEATHER, POLAR EXPLORERS USE WOODEN TABLE UTENSILS.

FROM THE "PRACTICAL HOUSE-KEEPING" BOOK, PUBLISHED 1881.

DREGS
COLICATED



STOMACH
BITTERS